

Freaks Of Nature

"Good Damm Man"

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[Singing]

La da da da da

Ooh, oh, ooh

[MJG]

MJG with his hand on a black steel figure
Sent three tricks up to backwoods river
Give me, uh, the motherfucking chump wanna fight me
Kick the shit out ya ass quite nicely
Swangin' round the corner got my game tight, ready
Rollin' one deep in the SS Chevy
Hoes, in blow up clothes trying to get my full attention
But don't say shit if ya don't get mentioned
Drinkin' 80 proof gin, chiefin' green, sticky dope
Ya ass don't smoke if ya ass don't choke
I'm too thick to be faded, Heinz 57 thickness
I freeze ya ass with the motherfucking quickness
It's the grease that be straight out the street that I
deliver
Shit so cold it make ya insides shiver
If a nigga twenty holding, twenty motherfucking
minutes
I blow the strength out the bitch damn splitted
Hellafied, mackadocious blow the better of the hay
Ya gets no hit if ya ass don't pay
Lay ya ass down jacker ain't no money to be took
I shot the shit out the got damn crook

[Chorus]

I'm a good damm man, I'm a good damm man
Just can't stand that I'm a good damm man and I'm
cool
I'm a good damm man, I'm a good damm man
Pimp all hoes and, uh take on niggas too
I'm a good damm man, I'm a good damm man
Just can't stand that I'm a good damm man and I'm
cool
Good damm man

[Verse 2]

Pimp tight nigga for real slash lavish

Don't chase dreams if ya can't count cabbage
And even if a woman gets dinner to give me some
It ain't no bitch worth my whole income
Force dir ho, you ain't no virgin have you heard
See hoes get broke tryin' to break past the word
Ain't no ignorant motherfuckers residing in my zone
Cause most sad folks got they own damn home
It's been too many times that I've been ganked and
double-crossed
The game got grown and the game got tossed
Back in my ass, jabbing me fast, I had to shake
What I worked to make the side that wants to take
I get the notion that there's a fire in the kitchen, feel the
flames
The heat about to cook up ya whole damn thang
Get ya hand back reaching for mine, suicide
The fuck got slapped out, the nigga knew he died
It's his own damn fault, you know that busta brought it
on
Stay in a child's place if ya ass ain't grown
And you do not prostitute hoes that work for me
Collect my loot out the got damn streets

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Right now you know the name is M-J-G
Knock trick punks off the block daily
I can say we was fucking you up, you was squealing
Put three caps in the sniper on the building
Fill him up, shovel his ass, drop his ass, then cut him
Now you don't look so bad motherfuck him
I'm bout tired of bitch niggas and I'm tired of bitch
hoes
But I guess that's the way life goes
Cause it grows, cousin workin' on schemes, sale
dreams
Don't know shit about the hip-hop scene
Breakin' you clean, using ya ideas, what they doin'
Signed ya life on the line now ya ruined
I'm a realist and a leader not a follower
Break soft shit that the nation can't swallow
Never can be stopped, new on the block poet
Read the fuck out the thread when you sew it

[Singing]

La da da da da
Good damm man

[Chorus (x3)]

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